

QUAY, MCKINLEY IN CONFERENCE.

Afterward the Senator Went
Home and Said He Was
Still in the Race.

Alighted at the Cantor Depot
to Find the Ohio Candi-
date Awaiting Him.

Of What Happened at McKinley's
Home the Ex-Governor Says:
"It Was a Social Call."

THE VISIT LASTED THREE HOURS.

Pennsylvania's Leader Took a Lawyer and
His Son to Ohio—McKinley Left in the
Evening to See Mark Hanna
at Cleveland.

Canton, Ohio, May 22.—Senator Matthew
Stanley Quay has made his visit to ex-Gov-
ernor William McKinley, has been closeted
with him and has left for his home in
Beaver, Pa. All this transpired in a few
minutes less than three hours.

Of the result of this meeting the public
as yet knows practically nothing. The only
definite statement obtained from either
principal was from Quay, who, on his jour-
ney homeward, was asked if he was still
to be considered a Presidential candidate.
To this question he emphatically replied:

"Oh, yes, I am still a candidate for the
nomination, and shall certainly be put in
nomination and voted for at the St. Louis
convention."

Quay's arrival was very much unexpected,
that is, that this morning would be the
time. But there was quite a crowd ready
to receive him at the Port Wayne depot.
WAITING AT THE DEPOT.

Drawn up to the curb of the station was
ex-Governor McKinley's private carriage,
and on the platform with a number of
close friends stood the Republican Na-
poleon. The ex-Governor was clad in a
black suit with Prince Albert coat, a bright
shining silk tie adorned his head, and
parent leather shoes encased his feet.

The party did not have long to wait.
Soon the shrill sound of the locomotive
was heard, and the faces were turned
eagerly toward the east. As the express
drew up McKinley moved forward toward
it. He did not observe a rather plainly
dressed man step from a rear coach, walk
hurriedly to the depot and disappear. A
few others did, however, and the word was
passed along, "There's Quay!"

Major McKinley looked about the crowd
and a slight shade of disappointment was
seen to flit across his face. It was gone
in an instant, however. He stepped to the
locomotive, spoke pleasantly to the
engineer, shook hands, and asked him a
question, evidently, for the latter pointed
out the direction in which Mr. Quay had
gone.

A moment later the two candidates
grasped each other's hand in cordial greet-
ing. Mutual pleasure in the meeting was
plainly evident. McKinley then escorted
his visitor to his carriage, and both were
soon on their way to the McKinley home.

BROUGHT HIS SON AND A LAWYER.
Senator Quay was accompanied by his
son, Dick, and Attorney J. Hay Brown, of
Lancaster, Pa. Arriving at the McKinley
home, the gentlemen disappeared through
the front door.

Quay had evidently come to talk busi-
ness. He and McKinley were soon closeted,
and what was said or done is known to
no outsiders. The conference lasted about
an hour, when the two candidates ap-
peared, and lunch followed. At 1:21 p. m.
Quay and his party, accompanied by Mc-
Kinley, drove to the Port Wayne depot
and the Pennsylvanians left for home.

ONLY A SOCIAL CALL.
Ex-Governor McKinley was asked as to
the nature of the conference. He gave
the most extended interview granted since
he returned to Canton. He said:

"Senator Quay came to pay me a visit
and he took lunch with me. He has re-
turned to his home in Beaver.
"Of course," he added, "you would not
expect me to talk about a purely social
call, such as I had to-day, for it was not a
conference, but a call."
"Was the candidate of Governor Has-
tings discussed?" he was asked.

"Do you mean my friend, General Has-
tings, of Bermuda? No, I must not discuss
the matters that were talked about, for if
I told some of the things that were dis-
cussed you might infer that other matters
were not talked about that were, and you
would be more confused than ever."
"Will there be any formal announcement
made as to the result to-morrow, as Mr.
Hanna to-day intimated might be?"

"Why, you would not expect any state-
ment to be made of a purely social call,
would you? I couldn't say, at any rate,
whether anything will transpire to im-
plicate the result of the visit other than that
it was socially satisfactory."

At the depot Senator Quay was in a par-
ticularly cool humor. A Pittsburgher who
knew him intimately endeavored to remark
concerning his appearance, "Quay isn't in
the McKinley band wagon yet."
"I haven't the slightest idea why father
came here," said Dick Quay, the only com-
municative member of the family. "He
didn't stop at Beaver, but came directly
through, and seemed to be anxious to get
here and back again. I don't believe any-
body has any idea, save McKinley, why he
came."

The friends of both McKinley and Quay
gave out the following statement to-night:
"It is understood that the visit of Senator
Quay was of the friendliest character. It
was a call of the Republican leader of
Pennsylvania upon the assured Republican
candidate for the Presidency. It is not
own what subjects were discussed, as
gentlemen declined to be interviewed,
it is believed that it related to the
ally of the party, and the great Presi-
dential contest to be waged this Fall. The
(Continued on Second Page.)

SHE SEALED HER FATE.

Lena Saltzman's Mother Signs a Document
Condemning Her Child to the
House of Refuge.

Pretty Lena Saltzman, of one of the
poorest families of the East Side poor, was
sent heartbroken to the House of Refuge
yesterday because of her sister's spite, her
mother's blunder and a Gerry agent's zeal.
She is a bright girl of fifteen, and as far
as the Essex Market Court records show
her only offense was that she had a fight
on the street with her sister, Bertha, who
is four years her senior.

A Gerry Society agent said she was
wayward, however. The mother made her
mark as a signature to a legal document
to that effect, although she claims she did
not know what was in it, and Magistrate
Wentworth, acting on the broad principle
that discipline wouldn't do any harm and
might do some good, sent Lena to the House
of Refuge.

The Saltzmans live at No. 7 Eldridge
street. The father is out of work, and
three girls, Lena, Clara and Bertha, sup-
port the family. Lena has a bad temper,
her sisters say, and Thursday night she
and Bertha had a violent quarrel. The
younger girl ran to the street in her anger,
the elder followed, and they had a battle
there which ended in Bertha causing Lena's
arrest.

Unfortunately for Lena, she had figured
in the abduction case in which Professor
Horowitz, of the Windsor Theatre, was
concerned. She was arrested then, but her
innocence was established and she was dis-
charged by Magistrate Crane.

The Gerry agent, Weddell, knew of this,
and said the girl was immoral, told the
Judge so and had the mother subscribe to
a legal document certifying to her daugh-
ter's alleged misconduct. When the case

came on for trial, the agent produced the

document, and the Judge, without any

further question, committed her to the

House of Refuge.

The girl's mother, who is a widow, is

now in a state of great distress, and is

hoping that she will be able to secure

her daughter's release.

The girl's father, who is a Jew, is

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PANIC AMID SMOKE IN A BIG TENEMENT.

A Boy Hero Bravely Makes a
Long Jump with Babies
in His Arms.

Policemen Save Half-Crazed Women
from Suffocation Only by Over-
powering Them.

OFFICER DUST'S GALLANT EFFORTS.

The Fire Originates in a Candy Manu-
factory on New Chambers Street, Above
Which Are Tenements Occupied
by Over Forty Families.

Fire started on the ground floor of a
tory brick tenement house at No. 70
Chambers street at 7 o'clock last
evening. This floor is occupied by Jews
only. On the four floors above
there are forty families make their homes.
There were probably 150 persons in the
building when the fire broke out. Its
origin is not known, but it was conveni-
ently near the dumb-waiter shaft, which
extends from cellar to roof.

Up this passage smoke and flame leaped
with incredible speed. All of the four
tenement stories seemed to be attacked at
once, and each of the narrow landings was
in an instant lank black with smoke.

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through the window, seriously cutting his
hand. He then descended the fire escape
with the two Flannagan babies, and on
reaching the lowest landing dropped the
children into the arms of men who were
waiting in Batavia street.

As soon as he saw that they had been
safely caught the brave officer returned
through the smoke and came down with
the two infant children of an Italian wom-
an named Mrs. Mama, who had been de-
serted by their panic-stricken mother in
rooms on the second floor.

John Gallagher, an ex-policeman, living
at No. 65 Roosevelt street, was one of
those who hurried up the stairs to rescue
the imprisoned children. He became over-
come by the smoke and fell unconscious in
the third-story hallway. Policeman Michael
F. O'Neill carried him down to safety in
the open air.

A DRAF AND DUMB WOMAN FIGHTS.

Roundman Breen, of the Oak Street Sta-
tion, with a citizen named Joseph Degnin,
went to the rescue of Mrs. Miller, a deaf
and dumb woman, sixty-five years old, who
lived on the top floor. She was wildly hy-
sterical, and fought with her rescuers, push-
ing Degnin's hand through a window and
cutting it badly. She was finally over-
powered and carried down. Her daughter,
twenty-three years old, had, in the mean-
time, fainted. She was carried to the street
by Policeman James J. Kelly.

Three members of the Conlon family, on
the fourth floor, lost their heads completely
in the excitement and locked the door of
their apartments. Roundman Breen burst
it open. Cornelius Conlon, sixty-nine years
of age, was found stupefied with fright.
He was lowered down the fire escape.
Miss Conlon, his sister, sixty years old,
was caught up by the officers and taken to
the street by way of the stairs inside. Mrs.
Conlon, sixty-five years, broke away from
Officer John J. Lynch, who was trying to
bear her to the fire escape. She insisted
upon going back after her parrot into a
bedroom that was completely stuffed with
smoke. The officer tried to pull her back,
but she slammed a door in his face. She
was rescued with difficulty.

Mrs. Carrie Williams was found in her
bedroom on the second floor. She had
buried her face in pillows and given herself
up to death. Joseph Degnin carried her
down the fire escape on the Roosevelt street
side.

All these scenes of excitement and rescue
occurred in a very brief space of time and
before the arrival of the firemen. After
they reached the spot the flames were
quickly extinguished.

ROW IN CROCKERY STORE.

Frightened Animals Wreck a Carriage and
Enter a Business Place and De-
stroy the Stock.

President Maher, of the Union Trolley
Company, went driving yesterday after-
noon. When he returned last evening he
had several hundred dollars' worth of
broken crockery to pay for, and the per-
turbed spirit of a woman who had been
frightened into hysteria to soothe. In-
cidentally his daughter-in-law had been se-
verely bruised, his own carriage wrecked
and his horses cut and scratched so that
they will be useless for some days.

In return for all this Mr. Maher has only
one remedy—the right to sue a street rail-
road company, for it was a street car that
frightened the team and caused the inci-
dental damage. The great objection to this
remedy is the fact that if he wants dam-
ages he will have to sue himself, as it was
one of the Union Trolley Company's cars
that started the whole rumpus.

Mr. Maher, his wife and their daughter-
in-law, Mrs. John Maher, had been riding
in Westchester County. On their return Mr.
Maher ordered the coachman to stop at
One Hundred and Sixty-seventh street and
Third avenue. This was done, and Mr.
Maher and his wife had alighted, and he
was assisting his daughter-in-law to the
sidewalk when a trolley car dashed by.

The horses began to rear and plunge
and the younger Mrs. Maher was thrown
from the carriage to the pavement. She
received several bruises about the head and
body, but otherwise escaped injury. Two
little children who were playing in the
street near by were almost trampled on by
the horses. The pole of the vehicle was
broken off by coming in contact with an
iron pillar, and the driver, John Brown,
was pulled from his seat.

The horses then ran upon the sidewalk,
and, before any one could prevent them,
dashed through the open door of a crockery
store, three doors north of One
Hundred and Sixty-seventh street, on Third
avenue. The crockery and china lying along
the sides on the floor was broken to pieces
and kicked about by the maddened brutes.

Mrs. William Brown, who lives on the
top floor over the store, and is related to
Charles Krauss, the proprietor, was in
charge of the place when the horses en-
tered. She was so frightened that she
fainted. She was struck by some of the
pieces of flying crockery and badly cut
about the head.

The horses continued on their career of
ruin until they both became wedged tightly
behind a counter. They were then taken
out by their driver and some pedestrians
and driven to a stable.

Mrs. Brown was revived after much diffi-
culty and removed to her apartments. When
the proprietor of the store returned and
saw the devastation that had been wrought
during his absence he almost cried. He be-
came more cheerful, however, when told
that the owner of the horses might pay the
damage, and up to late last night he was
still busy taking stock.

NOT ALLOWED TO WED AT 60.

Ex-Judge Bruckman's Sister Stops the
Contemplated Ceremony.

Reading, Pa., May 22.—George W. Bruck-
man, an ex-Associate Judge of this county,
who has held a number of other public
offices, was to-day refused a license to
marry Miss Carrie Hellman, aged thirty-
eight, and is exceedingly angry in conse-
quence. He is eighty years old, and is
worth \$75,000. Bruckman, who is a bache-
lor, declares he will be married if he has to
go to Canada.

The license was refused because of the
protesting protest by filed by his sister. "I
protest against the granting of a marriage
license to Hon. George W. Bruckman un-
til you see me, Caroline Bruckman." The
ex-judge a few years ago was stricken
too old to marry, but he says it is all non-
sense. He will probably apply to the
courts to establish his rights.

MOSCOW IN A BLAZE OF GLORY.



By Richard Harding Davis.

The following dispatch, cabled